"SUNRISE"

A SONG OF TWO HUMANS

Photo-play

By

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ADAPTED FROM A THEME OF HERMANN SUDERMANN'S "THE TRIP TO TILSIT".

Dramatis Personae

Ansass, a young peasant,

Indre, his wife,

A woman from the City.

- - - -

Supporting minor parts.

Title:

Summer - Vacation time:

Quick fade in:

INT. RAILROAD STATION

(1)

Vacation trains.

Just leave.

Overcrowded with perspiring, traveling public.

Waving through windows.

Then: The trains have left.

One sees through tall, glass arches.

The City Plaza in front of Railroad station.

With highest houses.

Shops, automobiles, street cars.

Auto busses, Elevated structure, people.

In hot Asphalt vapor.

Then:

Screen divided in two:

Left:

(2a)

From a mountain tunnel.
A fast vacation train emerges.
With joyful people waving through the windows - passing camera.

At the same time at the right side:

(2b)

Fast vacation train away from camera, going fast towards b.g.
Running along the shore line.
Where the surf plays.

Both sides of screen dissolve into:

Left:

(3a)

Tableau of steamer, ready to depart with sky-scrapers in b.g.

Station up in the mountains.
Vacation train arriving just now.
Streams of people descending.
Saluting each other.
Attendants from hotels.
Porters.
Flags.
Activity on beach.
Joyful people.
Happily jumping into rolling.
Breakers
Seconds.
Then:

At the same time on right side of screen.

Both sides fade out softly.

Fade in on:

Inland Lake.

(4a)

In evening sun.
A Ferry boat gliding along.
With simple resorters with their baggage.
Surrounded by cutters.
The sails of the cutters blocking the b.g.
But now the cutters sail off to the left and right to let the Ferry go through.
And now we see in the b.g. the shore not very distant.
A village.
On an incline with houses, one above the other.
And now: many on the Ferry boat are already waving toward the shore.
Because:

Medium shot:

(4b)

Resorters at the shore.
Already waving toward the Ferry boat.
Cut:

Hilly path in the village:

(5)

Cows.
Returning to their stables.
Evening sun.
A couple from the city walking along (with back toward camera.)
He in shirt sleeves, his coat over his arm.
They are inhaling the cow smell and the air.
Now: Do they stop?
Standing on top of the hill.
Thus looking across the lake.
While the sun is sinking.
Like flames across the lake.
For seconds hold picture.
Dusk already.

Title:

Also a young, but very frivolous woman from the City, has taken a room in one of the country houses. . .

Fading in from a lit candle stick.

Simple rustic room.

(6)

Wardrobe open.

Dresses hanging inside.

Lingerie and laundry spread all over room.

Valises and trunk in b.g.

Now:

The vamp walks into picture.

In very short negligee, with limbs exposed,

A typical creature from a big city.

Beautiful.

Racy.

Coquettish?

Just lighting a cigarette at the burning candle.

Now smiling and looking around.

What should she wear?

So scrutinizing her dresses.

Very self-centered and coquettish.

Finally:

Does she know?
Already letting the negligee drop, she stands there in her step-ins.
And now cut quick!

Kitchen in the same cottage:

(7)

Elderly peasant.
His elderly wife.
Supper.
Bacon and bread.
Scanty. Silence.
Now:
Appears in the door that opens.
That woman.
In a loud dress.
Cigarette in her mouth.
Unceremoniously intruding.
Putting her foot on a bench, wishing to have her shoes cleaned.
And now the peasant woman rises.
Slowly hesitating.
Because: Now: While the peasant continues eating silently!

Close up:

The peasant woman grudgingly wipes vamp's shoes with a cloth. With her look of disdain upon the vamp's limbs and dress. For seconds so.

Then:

The same cottage: Exterior:

(8)

It is getting dark.

Now:

The City woman, leaving cottage. Always self-centered and coquettish.

Putting on her gloves.

And walking in "short-skirt-stride" rhythm.

Village street

(9)

Evening.

Trees.

Wind.

The City Woman approaching.

(Peasant folks seated in front of their doors looking after her.)

Now:

Perambulator shot
preceding City Woman.

She walks around a corner.
On and on she walks.
But now: she retards her stride,
hesitating and stopping in the
shadow of the trees?
Because:

Close up:
Light pan:

Now she spies.
To a house opposite.
(Situated on the shore.)
With a lighted window.
And then:

Closeup looking into camera:

Clandestinely pursing up her
lips.
Whistling softly toward the
house.
And now:

Dably Fading in:
Living Room in Annass' Cottage:
(10)

Between the window and the table.
A man (Ansass)
Somewhat undecided.
Shall he go to the window?
Standing for seconds.
Now:

Medium shot: walking
towards the camera:

A young peasant woman, (Indre)
To the table.
Setting the table neatly
Returning again towards b.g.
and exiting.
But the man standing still.
Undecided - scratching his head.
Looking at the table.
Because:
Set for two

Close up:
Camera - line up as
very first:

The man (Ansass) gets more
undecided.

<u>But outside</u>:

Close-up of City Woman
into camera:

(11)

Whistling once more.
Waiting again
And now:
Opposite, behind the window of
cottage.
Does the curtain separate?
And now:
The shadow of the man (Ansass)
Pointing towards a certain
direction.

Does she understand?
With a satisfied, smiling mouth?
Now she strolls along with non-
chalance.
Soon disappearing in the shadow.

<u>But inside the cottage</u>:

Same line-up as before.

(12)

The man. (Ansass).
Hastily before an open wardrobe.
Changing his coat.
For:
A new coat hangs in the wardrobe.
Quickly he puts on new coat.
Already stealing away.
Room empty for seconds.
But then:

Closeup:

Back to previous line-up:

Medium shot on:

Indre entering.
With a steaming soup pot.
Immediately comprehending?
Thus she stops and looks.
To the half-open wardrobe.
For seconds,
With slowly embittering look.
Now slowly walking towards
table.
Setting platter on table.
Sitting down,

Her head in her hands.
Starting to brood.
As though a frequent occurrence before.
While the soup pot slowly discontinues to steam.
She sits like this for a long time.
Finally:
She rises,
Gloomily pondering.
Slowly walking to the door.

Fading in softly:

Small room in Ansass' Cottage.

(13)

Moonlight effect.
Small bed with baby sleeping smilingly,
Now: Towards bed: Indre.
Slowly,
Bending down to child.
Happy - though heartache within.
Now the child wakes up.
Stretching arms toward mother.
She presses child to her heart.
Now she sits.
Child in her lap.

Closeup: Child fondles mother.

Now patting mother's cheeks.

Smilingly playing with a - tear.

<u>But across dark meadows:</u>

(14)

The camera wanders (perambulator shot) behind Ansass. He walks.

Stealthily. Yet fast,

Now:

The camera overtaking Ansass. Perambulating toward a willow plot, which grows denser gradually.

Now the willow twigs crack and break before approaching camera.

Now until now:

The camera stops. For: there appears through the thicket:

A swamp near the beach.

And here, walking to and fro:

Pocket-book in her hand:

That City Woman.

On the look-out for Ansass?

Now: Did she see him?

For:

Immediately: she opens her pocket-book.

Quickly applying rouge in moonlight.

Cunningly arranging low-cut of dress,

Determined to tempt him.

For:

Now slowly into the picture:

Ansass.

Now retarding his gait.

Stopping - gazing at her.

While she smiles at him,

Temptingly.

And thus she stands for seconds.

Pause of suspense.

And now:

Slowly she walks toward him.

Always smiling.

Now: She stands closely before him.

Looking at him with ardent desire.

And now: impulsively:

He pulls her into his arms.

Kissing her fervently.

Cut:

But in yonder small room

In (Ansass' cottage).

(15)

Still moon-light.

But Andre.

Staring sorrowfully.

Still holding the child in her arms.

The child apparently sleeping.

But Now:

Does child move?

Then she puts the child back to bed.

Tenderly - carefully, arranging the bedding and baby's laces.

For a long time, still looking at the baby.

Happy - though sorrowful within.

But simultaneously:

Again shot (view thru the thicket)

(16)

She! the Vamp

Sitting: Just kisses Ansass.

Whose head is in her lap.

Thus for seconds.

And now:

Close:

She lifts her head.

Still lustful.

While he remains in his position.

As he lay before.
Relaxed - gazing up into the night.
But she - does she look at him now?
As though trying to make sure of something?
For a long time?
Finally: craftily she asks him.

Title:
. . . do you really love me?

Close:

Ansass:
Listlessly - murmurs yes.
And then:
Does she look at him more cunningly?
With her mouth displaying satisfaction?
Just as though casually playing with his hair.
Finally:
More frankly:
As though encouraged from her inner promptings:
She now says - craftily tense:

Title:
. . . Sell your house and follow me to the City -

Eagerly she looks down into his face.

He who lays there for a second.

Just as he was.

Not until now slowly rising.

Hardly comprehending?

So he asks, shaking his head.

Almost mechanically:

Title:

. . . and my wife - ?

Extreme closeup:

Does she flash a strange look?

For seconds?

It seemed.

But now: as though to calm him slowly.

She draws his head to her bosom.

He not noticing.

How her face is changing:

Mysteriously looking ihto camera.

Scheming in her mind.

Just as though playing with fire?

So she now whispers:

Tensely - full of importance.

Title:

. . . couldn't she . . .

(the next two words slowly appearing) - get drowned -

(17)

And now:

The title frame slowly dissolves.

(Upward and downward)
Into a visionary picture:
A boat on the water.
Ansass within the boat.
Clasping his wife.
Because now:
He throws her overboard.
Causing the waves to splash.
And then:

Extreme close - solid:

(18)

His horrified expression.
Like half paralyzed - pointing
to himself.
With gasping breath: I?!!
But the vamp.
With flashing eyes.
Bent on gaining her point,
she rashly says:

Title:

Then turn over the boat -
as though it had capsized!

Close:

Now:
Suddenly! But horribly:
His hands clutching her throat.
Violently pushing her down.
As though choking back her
speech.
And then!

Extreme closeup:

Her head bent back.

Choking in ghastly terror.

Camera suddenly panning

up Ansass:

While he stands there panting.

But now:

In excitement - impulsively:

He pushes the vamp away from him.

So that she falls down.

While he turns around gasping.

But then:

She!

Still gasping for breath!

But already after him?

Leaping at him - intense!

So she clings to him.

With all the fervor of her body.

Smothering him with kisses.

He gasping - trying to keep her

off.

Thus wrestling with her.

He breaks down.

With her. (The Vamp)

Rolling down the incline.

Camera at the foot of

incline:

The two roll toward the camera.

Landing in mire and morass.

She crawls on top of him,

with extreme close-up of her
head toward the camera.
Now: trying to stupify Ansass
with numerous kisses.
Enticing - hissing:

Title:
. . . We would lead a life
in the big city -- !
(19a)

And then!
Both at the bottom of the
screen.
But in the b.g. out of the fog
above the lake.
A giant city flashes up
. visionary,
Fantastic illuminary effect of
electric signs and traffic.
Speeding auto busses.
Railroads.
People,
Now.

(Perambulator shot of camera
speeding toward visionary city).
(19b)

As though taken from speeding
auto, in
Which Ansass is sitting.
And now!

(19c)

Views of other lit thoroughfares (Great White Ways).

Appearing in quick succession (effect: like turning over the leaves of a book.)

Now instantaneously dissolving to:

(With still phantom like suggestion of big city in b.g.)

A Jazz Band.

Playing and beating as if mad.

Dancing couples - dancing like maniacs.

And now!

She. (The Vamp) in f.g. full size:

Jumping up from the bottom of the screen.

Dancing a jazz,

Fervently.

Still more fervor.

With the raging Jazz band in b.g. visionary.

And now:

Ansass!

Strangely rising.

But only to his knees.

Giddily looking up to her.

And then: Cut:

Lake and Village

(Like beginning of picture)

Moon with halo around it.
Fog ascending.
Softly enveloping the village.

(20)

In back-yard of some cottage:

(21)

Grayish fog atmosphere:
A watch dog chained.
Howling in the night.

Back-yard of another cottage:

(22)

Another watch dog chained.
Answering howlingly?

And another back-yard:

Long shot:

(23)

In far distance.
A howling dog also there.
Now: fog enveloping dog softly.

Back to marsh as last seen:

Camera somehow shooting down upon ground:

(24)

The place where they fought.
(Where they were laying in the morass)
But no one there now?

Only trodden down reeds.
Traces left of the wrestling
in the mire.
So for seconds.
And now:
As though the camera examining
the ground:
The camera goes further down to
the ground:
Trying to get extreme closeup
of traces.
Slow perambulator shot across
ground.
And then:
The traces of the two?
His heavy foot print.
Her high heel print.
Now the camera.
Follows these traces.
Slowly.
Groping.
Footprint after footprint.
And footprint again.
In zig zag lines.
While ground gets muddier and
muddier.
Finally:

Appearing in the picture:
her high heel?
Yes indeed.
Now her other high heel.
Doesn't she walk any more?
Heels sticking in the mud?
Now one foot makes a short step.
And now: While the muddy water
oozes from her last footprint.
She now bends down.
To pull out tall bulrushes
growing there,
Many times,
Now turning toward him.
(He who stands somewhat in an
elevated position).
That he is visible only from
the waist down.
She shows him the bulrushes now.
Significantly whispering to him:

Title:
. . . after the capsizing -
save yourself with these - !

(25)

Again the title cuts apart
to a vision fading in:
A boat sinks.
But he - floating on top of the
water.
Without swimming much.

Because many bundles of bulrushes
are bound around him.
And then!
She!
Tensely whispering to him.
With her hands filled with
bulrushes
She embraces his waist:

Dissolve into closeup solid:

Title:
. . . the rushes will carry
you - later take them off,
and relate your accident.

For seconds this text will
remain.
Now slowly fading out.
And now:
The screen is all dark.
For seconds.
And then:

Slow fade in.
Shooting upon trees
in front of Ansass'
cottage. (Night).
(27)

Fog.
Wind.
Shadows of trees upon the wall.
Gently moving.
For seconds.
Not until now; approaches Ansass.

Slowly.

Bundles of bulrushes under his arms.

Now: he stops?

Slowly.

Rigid.

Looking now at the bulrushes fearfully.

Bewildered.

As though the bulrushes are burning him.

Then:

He looks toward the door of the cottage?

Still bewildered.

Can he take the bulrushes inside?

And then: cautiously.

He moves on.

Gentle steps.

Almost sneaking, around the house.

Pan with him

Corner in Ansass'

Back-yard.

Ansass.

Carefully opening the door of the stable.

To conceal the bulrushes.

Now two horses' heads appear in the picture.

Mysteriously - curiously looking at him.

Now he hesitates for a second, perplexed.

And now he conceals the bulrushes in the straw.

Quickly now closing the stable door.

And now he stands.

Frightened in front of the closed door.

Bedroom - Ansass and Indre. (Night)

Camera angle:

(29)

Across two rural beds with door in b.g.

Moonlight.

In bed f.g. Indre sleeping.

Calmness.

For seconds.

And now:

The door opens?

Very, very slow?

For now: Ansass,

Stares in.

With frightened attitude.

For seconds.

On tiptoe he enters.

Does he stop?

Looking at the sleeping Indre?

Peculiarly?

Stricken by his conscience.

Finally: He turns around.

Slowly - heavy.

Thus now he walks.

Gently,

But heavy gesture always.

To his bed.

Sitting down on his bed heavily.

Taking off his shoes.

First one.

Then the other.
Putting them on the floor.
Continuously in thought.
Thus he sits now.
Staring at the shoes,
For a long time,
Then: Without any transition:
He lies down heavily,
Upon his back.
Just as though under a heavy
burden.

Closeup

Thus he lies now,
Entirely dressed.
With motionless, open gaze.
Staring into the camera.
For a long time.
Again and again.
Finally:
For: At the bottom of the screen?
Waves.
Becoming more and more distinct.
Because now: Actually!

Very slow dissolve?

(30)

Very slowly dissolving
into:
Rolling waves toward the
shore - (night).
(Camera on top of
the water.)

(31)

Waves toward the shore.
Monotonous.

Continuous.

Now.

Perambulator shot of
camera toward shore,
shooting the open lake.

Always more waves.

And more.

Toward the shore.

While we perceive in the picture
Ansass' house on top of a hill.

While it is just breaking dawn.

Getting lighter and lighter.

Now.

Through the veil of the morning
fog we perceive,

First fisher boats gliding by.

Ansass' bedroom.

Close-up:

(32)

At the bedside of Ansass: Indre!

Looking at him.

Lovingly concerned about him.

As he lies there exhausted-like.

Still entirely dressed.

And then:

She takes a blanket from the foot
of the bed.

Cautiously covering him.

Now: For seconds she looks at him.

And then: Dismally she turns
around.

Slowly exiting.

Stillness in the room for seconds.

With the sleeping Ansass.

But now:

Abruptly:

He wakes up?

Blear-eyed.

But suddenly!

Remembering?

He rises startled,

With horrified look:

For:

Quick cut:

The bulrushes in the straw heap - conspicuously seen.

Perambulator shot toward camera.

And then:

Cut!

Dark corner in the stable:

(33)

<u>Again Ansass' Bedroom.</u>

Closeup.

(34)

Ansass.

Still sitting up on his bed.

Just as he was sitting before.

With horrified expression on his face.

Mechanically - heavily rubbing his brow.

As though trying to retrospect.

So he sits for seconds.

Then: terrified he listens?

With slowly opening mouth?

For:

With little Fan:

A door with a window pane in it
appears.
He harkens toward door.
For:

Different camera
line-up

(35)

We see through this door.
In yard,
Indre.
(With back toward camera)
Feeding chicks and pigeons.
And then!

Close up:

(36)

Still sitting at the edge of the
bed:
Ansass.
Terrified - brooding.
Still with same open mouth.
Just as though undermined by his
thoughts.
For: very, very slowly beside him,

36a-

As though emanating from him,
the vision of:
That woman (the Vamp)?
Yes, indeed.
The vision now touches his mouth.
Kissing him ardently,
Oh!
How he rises up and back!
Gasping.

Falling back with both arms
stretched out across his bed!
His hands clenched into fists!
As though he could never agree
to what she is asking!
And then!
Does her vision dissolve?
Yes, indeed!
While now he breathes freer.
Still leaning across the bed.
But now!
Behind his nape:
Slowly appears vision of her head
next to his ear.
With significant whispering lips.
Oh! how he again draws up.
Massive - heavy - horribly panting,
rising and rising again.
Yet! her head does not fade out.
On the contrary, it develops in-
to her full figure.
That now clings to him.
Soft. But seemingly like tons of
heavy burden.
So, gliding around his body.
Again at his mouth.
Bestowing thousands of kisses up
on him.

So he stands up now.
Tortured by this vision.
This heavy burden,
That grows and grows; magnifies
and becomes solid,
And takes on an exorbitant size.
While now his hands.
Just as if from a yell within
him:
Press against his temples,
terrified!
Just as though he were losing
his mind.
And then:

Shot through the door
toward yard:
(37)

In the yard, still stands Indre.
Moving around in the slow morning
breeze.
Still feeding.
Now!
Walking toward the door.
Ansass,
Heavy - almost staggering. Now
he stops.
Standing there in a dreadful
attitude.
In a rather dark light.

Close up:

Staring out into the light yard.
Always upon his wife.
Who is feeding the last of the
grain and now turns around
toward the camera.
Always somewhat meditative.
But now quickly.
She starts toward the door.
And then!
(Now everything very fast.)
Ansass! looking into the camera.
Rather frightened,
With slowly opening mouth!
Horrified - on the verge of a
crime?
But Indre: did she see his
expression?
For seconds she hesitates.
But now: with a retarded gait:
She walks up to him.
And now she holds his arms.
While she does not notice
his waxen expression.
And yet! Does she stand there?
With somewhat confounded look?
As though under the influence of
something strange.

But now: something reflects from her face.

Just like one single good thought.

Gently - Madonna like - glancing.

So for seconds.

Now soft, fancy dissolve to:

Small room in Ansass' cottage.

Close:

(38)

At the child's bed.

An elderly maid.

Happily dressing the baby.

So for seconds.

Then: Into the picture: Indre.

Slightly agitated?

Smiling through her tears?

Clasping the child to her in ecstacy,

Hugging and kissing the baby.

To the astonishment of the maid.

Finally: Indre.

Hearing: Her sorrow a mere echo from the distance.

Title:

We make a trip across the water - !

And then:

Corridor - Ansass' cottage.

(39)

Ansass.

Stands there with horror.

With arms hanging down.

With waxen look - more and more.

Finally:

Without any transition:

Again his hands go to his brow:

Pressing his temples in desperation.

To a large sized wardrobe:

Bedroom.

(40)

Now Indre hurries

Opening the door toward camera.

Taking out a dress.

"Rustic holiday bodice style."

(Probably her best attire.)

So she busies herself with the dress.

Arranging and examining.

Corner in the stables.

(41)

Only two hands.

Almost motionless.

Reaching for the bulrushes.

For some time.

Just as if numb.

Then, automatically:

Camera panning up
following the rising
hands

Slowly the hands lift up the
bulrushes.
And then:

We perceive Ansass.
With waxen look.
His hands hanging down, holding
the bulrushes.
Like the apocolyptic figure of an
executioner.

But at the Lake Shore:
(42)

A small sail boat at the shore.
Tied to a post and rocking in the
water.
Much water perspective in b.g.
So for seconds.
Now:
Ansass walks slowly into the
picture. With back toward the
camera,
A sack under his arms.
Heavy gestures.
Frightened.
Bewildered.
So he stands now seemingly staring
into the boat.

And now; he gets into the boat - rigid?

Corridor in Ansass' Cottage:

(43)

Indre.
Standing there in her beautiful dress.
Beaming - kissing her child.
Hugging the child in farewell.
To the joy of the maid.

Corner in back yard

of Ansass' cottage:

(44)

Good looking dog chained.

Barking loud - peculiar?

Pulling strenuously at the chain.

Then: Indre, Quickly toward the dog.

Although in a hurry: stopping to pet him.

The dog, impetuously jumping up to her.

Licking her hand,

Continuously,

And barking at her.

(As though he senses something?)

While she ignores him laughingly.

Petting him in friendly attitude.

But at the Lake Shore:

(Ansass' cottage in b.g.)

(45)

F. G. Ansass in the boat.

Gloomily-busy in corner of boat.

Concealing the sack.

But now: Suddenly he is aroused.

Because: from the cottage exits:

Indre.

Nonchalant

At once he grasps the oars: from the bottom of the boat.

Gloomily busying himself with them.

To conceal his guilty look.

But she - already at the boat.

With a slight, embarrassed smile.
Entering the boat.
Sitting down.
Somewhat confused - arranging her dress.
While he unties the boat,
Standing up, ready to push boat from the shore?
With the oar?
But now:
As though something is stopping his arm?
While he stares ominously into the camera?!
Cut!

Extreme close:

Probably because Ansass' dog is barking, very loudly?
Very strenuously jerking at his chain?
Just like wanting to follow the two.

Corner in the yard of Ansass' cottage:

(46)

Instantaneously:
Ansass in the boat:
Very agitated: pushing boat from shore!
The boat glides along.
While he sits down,

At the Lake Shore:

(47)

Back yard of Ansass' cottage.

(48)

Commencing to row - mechanically.

But at the same time,

The dog,

Pulling with tremendous power -

breaks chain.

Running off with broken chain.

Over the high fence?

And then:

The gliding boat.

(49)

Camera preceding boat:
Ansass rowing with
back toward camera:

Dog following them along the shore.

Leaps into the water,

Swimming toward the boat.

To the slight embarrassment of Indre.

She turns quickly to Ansass.

Asking him to stop.

Ansass stops rowing.

With somewhat dull, bewildered look.

While the dog is already near the boat.

Indre pulls the dog inside the boat.

Registering surprise - more and more.

Because: The dog.
Peculiar - strenuously jumping at her - licking her hands and face.
Continually.
Indre, with apologetic attitude toward Ansass, because of dog.
Now looking at Ansass.
Who fearfully avoids her look.
Automatically starts to row to the shore.
Now: he lands at the shore.
Clumsily rising.
To lead back the dog.
But the dog gets away from him.
Tries to hide behind Indre.
Ansass bends down to get him.
Tensely - with great effort, he pulls the dog from the boat.
Always fearfully avoiding his wife's look.
Like a burden upon his conscience.
But now:
Did she suddenly perceive something in his face?
Is she somewhat concerned?
Thus she now sits.

Looking after Ansass.
Who is leading the dog by the collar.
Walking toward the cottage.
Thus Indre sits for seconds.
Somewhat uncomfortable?
Now searching within herself - meditating,
Staring into the camera -
And now:
Just as though with a sudden impetus:
Why, doesn't she want to come along in the boat?
She suddenly rises as though
Wanting to leave the boat.
But, then:
Ansass - returning - already near the boat.
All this in quick action.
There she stands in the boat another second.
But now:
Like putting aside her thoughts.
She now sits down again.
While he quickly pushes boat from shore.

As though terrifically driven from within.
With broad, swift strokes, rowing hurriedly away.

Perambulator shot (preceding) (50)

Not looking at her.
She, in thought, superficially glances back to the shore.
Which gradually becomes more distant.
(And now: as if getting over distance traveled: with a few feet of film)
The shore disappears slowly at the left.
While to the right, more and more water is seen.
With the shore in the fartherest distance.
The boat gliding along.
With Ansass at the oars.
And now:

More close: (Camera behind Indre)

Does she look at him?
Somewhat astounded?

Because his face is so strange.
He - tensely - keeps on rowing.
Thus she looks at him.
With one sole desire:
That he may look up at her.
That his face may clear up.
So she wiggles slightly in her seat.
Rather embarrassed.
Now: there is even a trace of a smile on her face,
It is a rather timid smile.
Somewhat irritated - slightly gulping.
But! He keeps on rowing more and more tense.
Bewildered.
Still as being driven.
Not looking up.
Does the smile leave her?
And now: Do her shoulders shrink?
Somewhat inexpressibly?
While she keeps on looking at him.
Now: uncannily -
She looks to and fro.
And now:

(Just as seen by her)

In the far distance -

a shore.

(51)

Close up:

(52)

(Again as she sees it)

(53)

Close up:

(54)

That slowly disappears in the far distance.

Like a night-mare.

Now:

Water! Nothing but water.

And now:

Indre.

Looking toward the right?

And then:

Also on this side the far distant shore grows dimmer and dimmer.

Slowly fading away.

Only water and water.

Now she looks at him again.

Her shoulders shrinking more and more.

Uncanny!

While he now appears in the picture slowly.

And then!

Strangely: gradually he slows down.

His rowing?

Ominously retarding.

Now:

His oars hardly touch

The water.

And now:

His hands pull the oars into

the boat.

First one.

Then the other.

Thus he sits there now.

Not looking at her.

Terrifically stirred within.

His veins begin to swell.

Thus for seconds.

Just like wanting to rise.

But unable?

While she looks at him, more and

more, without understanding.

Fearfully she slowly raises her

hand to him,

Questioningly.

Now he raises his downcast eyes.

Slowly.

Glassy.

Looking at her dreadfully.

Thus for seconds.

Now:

Looking at her.

He rises.

Slowly.

Now:

He stands erect.

Dreadfully staring at his wife.

Bends forward ominously.

Taking away her breath.

Awe-struck, thus she sits.

In terror - spellbound - meeting his eyes.

Thus - the attitude of the two.

In the slowly gliding boat.

Awful seconds.

Finally:

Indre:

As if puzzled - unable to move.

Only her hands slowly meet.

Numb - like lead.

As though imploring him.

While he stands there erect.

Staring at her with terror in his eyes.

Continuously:

And now:

Abruptly.

He falls back to his seat.

And now:

Do his hands grasp the oars?

And now:

With an almost supernatural power.

He raises the oars for a terrific speed.

The boat whizzing along.

(As though it was a Shell boat - manned by eight)

And then:

(Camera behind Indre.)

(55)

In the b.g. already speeding into picture.

(Unreal like - fantastically fast).

Dim stretches of land - nearer and nearer.

Already speeding by,

But Indre large in the f.g.

(Having looked at him terrified during all this).

Now has buried her face in her hands.

As though she can no longer bear,

His terrific fast rowing.-

The flash-like velocity of the boat.

Which makes everything shoot past kaleidoscopically.

Finally:

A strip of land approaches near and nearer.

And then:

Precipitously coming close to the camera.

(56)

This shore.

Reeds and rushes.

Wind.

Now:

Rushing near:

The boat,

And then!

Ansass.

Throwing out the rope.

Extreme close:

The rope like a lasso catching the tree.

And now:

Close:

Ansass.

Panting - wanting to grasp her.

To lift her out of the boat.
But now! Indre, Looking at him terrified.
Trying to ward him off with outstretched arms.
She now flees from him!
Falling over rope and embankment.
There stands Ansass.
Still gasping,
But motionless.
Defeated!
Thus for seconds.
Not until then; impulsively he rushes after her.
Heavy.
Almost groping.
While she has disappeared.
Behind high reeds and rushes.
And now! Quickly cut!

Indre,
Running along terrified.
Often being caught in the weeds.
Now:
Full size running terrified
across picture:
Ansass!

Through reeds and rushes
in the wind:

(57)

Continually after her!
With hands stretched out toward her.
Yelling after her from the depth of his soul.
And then:
Awful!
Did she fall?
Entangled in the reeds?
He falls down before her,
Terrified - trying to calm her.
But quickly she gets to her feet; away from him.
Awe-struck - slightly trembling.
Like an animal about to be slaughtered.
Terrified - benumbed - escaping him.
He, who has no more strength left.
Now shocked - covering in the reeds.
His hands empty.
From which she escaped,
Quick cut again.

Forest!

(58)

Wind.

Running - out of breath; - she!

Toward a clearing?

And then: we perceive through the foliage,

A street car?

Yes, indeed!

Speeding into the picture - now stopping.

(Street car station probably).

And now! Indre!

Subconsciously.

Running toward the car.

After desperate effort, she catches the car.

Then:

The Conductor:

Assisting her to the front platform.

Now: Again the street car speeding on.

But at the same time:

Closeup

Of Ansass running to car station.

Quickly recognizing!

He runs after the car.

But: Again a quick cut!

And then:

Just now a curve?

The street car passes the camera.

In an extreme closeup.

And now!

Ansass.

Catching the car?!

Out of breath - jumping on the front platform.

While the car is speeding along.

And now!

Camera angle from the interior of car, toward front platform.

Visible through the glass door.

While outside to the left and the right.

The landscape flies by:

There stands Indre.

Upon the front platform.

Terrified - pressing herself into corner.

Still with a scared look.

Avoids looking at Ansass.

Who stands there, gasping - cut of breath from his effort to reach the car.

(59a)

In horror - bent down - thus he stands.
A picture of horror - the secret of the two.
Thus they stand.
While outside a suburb of the town flies by.
Chimneys. Warehouses.
Now:
From the inside of the car, toward the front platform glass door:
The Conductor.
Knocking.
A second time.
Again and again.
Now irritated.
And not until now:
Ansass turns around.
Staring at the conductor.
Just as though not until now waking up and understanding.
Handing a coin to the conductor.
While the street car is taking a curve.
And now there becomes visible.
Way below: the City.
With roofs and steeples.
And then:

Long shot of City -
street without our car.

(60)

Depicting street
atmosphere:

Sloping.
With shops, people and traffic.
Now: Coming down slope.
Out street car.
With the two on the front platform.
Rushing by.
Because now:

Again camera angle from the interior through glass door toward front platform.

(61)

We again see everything thru the glass door.
A City plaza comes nearer and nearer.
And now!
The street car slackens down?
Slower and Slower.
Like running into a short switch track.
Because now?

Camera angle from Plaza toward switch track:

It seems to be the end of the line.

And now!
The motor-man removes the handle?
Indicating to the two - "You have to get off here."
While motor-man descends from car.
And now! Ansass.
Quickly descends.
Very solicitous.
To assist Indre down.
So he stands now outside of front platform.
Waiting for Indre, with his arms stretched out.
But! Indre; On the platform hesitating.
As though still trying to escape from him.
Not until then: Without looking at him,
Half courageously
She descends.
Still with that horrified look.
Registering the horror of what has happened.
Thus she now stands. (Close before camera.)
In the midst of the thoroughfare.

Whore traffic passes.
There! An automobile almost running down Indre.
Rapidly Ansass pulls Indrè toward him.
Thus he holds her now.
While her look is still lost.
Unable to dismiss the happenings just past.
But now: he impulsively catches her arm.
Pulling her up to the sidewalk.
Where they now stand.
Desolately looking upon the passersby.
Who are rushing to and fro, in lunch hour speed.
And now:
His gaze rests upon a Confiserie Cafe!
(With windows and sign)
Then he grasps hold of Indre's arm.
Shyly - quickly.
Pulling her along with him.

INT: CONFISERIE CAFE:

(63)

(Camera angle from rear wall toward show windows. and main door).

Toward high windows.

Tables.

Guests.

Smoke.

At the entrance door: the two.

Standing there for seconds.

Ansass looks across the tables.

Looking for two seats.

And then:

(Close up before camera) an empty table.

Then he walks toward table.

Almost pushing her, in front of him.

She walks as if in a dream.

Still with a terrified look.

Now:

They stand here.

And now! Ansass.

Strangely on the alert.

Solicitously places a chair at the table for Indre.

As she sits down

He deftly guides her every move-
ment with his hands.
And not until now: he sits down
himself.
Thus now both sit.
She still with a vacant, terrified
look.
He, heart-broken and silent.
Now: a waitress nears -
Neat - with fancy head-dress.
With a questioning look.
But he: (a peasant in the City)
For seconds - not knowing what to
say.
The waitress hurriedly walking
off.
Kindly pointing toward a
Counter with all kinds of cakes.
Appearing (while panning)
through a
Glass wall in the b.g.
Where guests are picking out
sweets.
Ansass now rises.
Rather quickly.
Perhaps glad to busy himself
somewhat.

Rushing toward counter.
While she never looks at him, nor after him -
Just sits there brooding.
Still with that vacant, terrified look.
For some time.
Sitting there motionless.
Finally: he returns.
With a mountain of cakes on a plate.
Putting plate before her.
With very much devotion, but shy.
Now sitting down.
In dreadful restraint.
His hand nervously pulling at his collar.
As though binding him.
Still she vacantly stares.
Across the plate of cakes.
At last: He: pushes the plate closer to her.
With a rather, shy, abrupt gesture:
She is around -
Still in that state of terror?
Hesitantly, and timidly, she takes a piece of cake.

Still, somewhat afraid, now she
bites into it.
But now:
She has hardly bitten into it:
When spontaneously a sob stirs her.
For a second only.
But terrifically!
Convulsing her facial expression?!
While he does not dare to move.
Just sitting there with hollow
cheeks.
Looking down upon the table.
Thus the two are sitting now.
Meanwhile she has somewhat re-
gained her composure.
Continually staring at the plate
with the cakes.
He also staring.
Upon the floor.
Each with his own thoughts.
While in the b.g. the business
routine of the
Confiserie.
Continues under a dim, smoky
atmosphere.
Thus for some time.
At last: Indre gets up slowly.

Rather undecided.
Does he also want to go?
Then he too gets up.
Quickly following her move.
Almost solicitously.
Starting to lead her out.
Hardly daring to touch.
Her elbow.

In front of the Confiserie Cafe.

(64)

The two walk out.
Stopping there for a second.
Undecided as to what to do.
As though not knowing: where to go?
While pedestrians pass them continuously.
Now: Ansass:
Still afraid to touch her.
Now he takes her arm:
Faint-heartedly.
Rather remorseful.
Toward the camera.

Perambulator shot of camera rolling in front of them.

While they keep on walking.
Undecided.
Rather lost.

Passing flashy shops.
Without regarding them.
At last:
A flower shop appears in the picture.
With flower stand in front.
And now: Ansass.
On the spur of the moment.
Rushes toward the flower stand.
Buying flowers - his two hands filled.
Quickly returning to her.
Graciously offering her the flowers.
And now!
Strangely! She does not take them immediately.
She looks at him?
With a shocked and convulsed look?
Touched from her innermost self.
Now slowly taking the flowers.
And then! She hardly has them in her hands:
A sob - again registers in her face?
More terrific than the first one.
For: Although trying hard to restrain herself:

She bursts out crying.
Holding the flowers up to her face.
The flowers concealing her tears.
The lady proprietor looks at her.
With a woman's understanding -
full of sympathy.
And now in the picture appears the face of a clerk full of curiosity.
While Ansass stands there -
helpless.
With staring eyes.
Continually trying to calm her.
Now: he gently pulls her along with him.

Pan:

Both walk through an open door-way, of a house.
They disappear in the doorway.
Show door for seconds.
Then:

In the doorway.

(65)

Ansass - holding tenderly in his arms.
Indre: With tears streaming from her eyes.
Like an animal bleeding to death.
While he trying to calm her.
Gently strokes her arm.

With a helpless, stricken look.

Caressing her.

Continually.

Again and again.

As though gradually becoming more calm.

Thus she stands.

Languidly breathing.

Gazing bewilderedly into space.

For some time.

But altogether motionless.

While he still continues.

Stroking her arm.

Now, rather mechanically.

But from his innermost self.

At last! He looks at her.

Uneasy about her - sincere: with deepest emotion.

Now caressing her face.

Almost trembling.

She now looks at him.

With a look that reflects her innermost self.

A questioning look as though saying

Oh! Ansass! What a terriblo day...

But outside on Plaza.

(66)

(Camera angle from the doorway)

Wedding carriages?
Decorated with flowers.
Passing by the camera.
To the church situated at the Plaza.
Where onlookers are gathering.
Now!

Close up:

Of the two exiting from the door!
Ansass and Indre.
He holding her arm.
Supporting her fervently.
And now!. They see the wedding carriages.
And the bridal couple descending from their carriage.
Walking up the steps of the church.
And now!

Close up:

Of Ansass and Indre standing there.
Looking at each other?
Simultaneously.
In reminiscence?
While he clutches her arm more firmly.

And now: as though in wordless agreement.

They automatically walk toward the church.

Quietly - silently.

Somehow determined.

Int: of Church.

(67)

(Camera angle from portal)

Before a dimly illumined sacred altar.

The bridal couple

Kneeling before the Priest:

Wedding guests.

Sacred sort of atmosphere.

Then: slowly walking into the picture.

Ansass and Indre.

Silent - devotional.

Thus they stand for seconds.

Then: Ansass walking quietly.

With reverence.

On his tip toes.

Down the aisle.

To a pew.

Followed by her.

Now:

He sits down - heavily within.

Close up:

But the Priest standing before the kneeling couple.

With smiling lifted hands.

With love emanating.

From his very speech.

Uttered from gently moving lips.

And now!

Close up: Ansass in the pew.
Sitting there meditating.
His head in his hands.
Following the sermon.
His face reflecting.
His guilty thoughts, while his wife, now slowly touches his hand.
With tears in her eyes.
And now! Soft fancy transition!

Fancy dissolve to: An organ.
The organ pipes getting closer and closer to camera.
(As though visualizing the organ tunes.)

Close up: While at the altar, the Priest now takes the rings.
Kindly bending down to the couple.
Asking the bridegroom:

Title:
Such as-
will you love
your wife?

Back to action: Bridegroom at the verge of answering.
But now:

Quick dissolve of bridgegroom to:

Close up:

Ansass in the pew.
Pressing his wife's hand to his heart.
Uttering with a solemn promise.

TITLE:

Yes!

Close up:

Now Ansass cries tenderly.
His tears rolling into her hand.
Like a torrent.
While she sits there with utmost consternation.
And Yet! Strangely beatified?
Reflecting her innermost happiness.
She draws him to her.
As though she had found him again.
Thus she calms him now tenderly.
Gently leading him out of the pew.

Long shot:

Toward a side aisle.
Now:
They have disappeared.
Hold picture for seconds.
With the wedding ceremony going on.

In the side aisle:

Medium shot:

(68)

Then:

Pressed to the wall; the two.
Embracing.
Weeping greatly.
For a long time.
Stand there.
Now; impulsively;
He falls at her feet.
Imploring forgiveness.
She looks down at him.
With inexplicable love.
Trying to raise him to his feet,
with her arms
But! He clinging to her legs.
With utmost emotion.
With heart-rending remorse.
Unable to pull him up.
She bends down to him,
With the smile of a forgiving
saint,
For: while a sun-beam breaks
through the stained church
window.
Gilding her hair;
She pulls him up - lovingly,
Whose face is covered with tears.
But she kisses away his tears.

Extreme close up

Close:

Softly - truly woman-like.
Also caressing his hair.
But instantly:
The church bells are swinging.
In the sun light
To and fro.

Church steeple above:

(69)

In the side aisle of the church:

(70)

Medium shot:

The two;
With tears of joy.
She looks into his face!
With utmost happiness.
He full of joy - but still ashamed:
Timidly turning his face away.
But now she kisses him.
With exaltation - happiness supreme.
While the bells are still ringing.
To and fro - to and fro."

Steeple

(71)

Now dissolve to:

(72)

The plaza in the full sun light.
With visionary double exposed bells,
At top of screen.
Way in the b.g. with back toward camera.

Ansass and Indre walking along
in an embrace.

And now: as though visualizing
their thoughts, everything
is fading away before
extreme happiness.

The houses around grow indistinct.
Slowly sinking into the ground?
And also all the carriages and
rolling traffic?
While we see just the two stroll-
ing along.
Through fantastic spheres.
Thus for seconds.
But then:
Within an instant;
Reality appears.
All the traffic.
The whole plaza very distinct
and visible;
Street cars. Auto busses.
Carriages.
In a regular traffic jam.

Street car bells and auto horns.
For:

Ansass and Indre are walking
across the middle of street.

(72a)

(72b)

Dissolve into
extreme closeup:
(72c)

Back to action:
(73)

Now startled by the terrific
noise - noticing.
That they are holding up the
traffic.
And now: with the utmost speed.
Both run here and there all con-
fused.
In different directions.
While the drivers and passengers
from the different vehicles,
Scold and laugh.
Finally: they run up to the
sidewalk, escaping the
traffic,
Relieved over their narrow
escape -
-- laughing - disappearing among
the crowd.
While the traffic takes up its
regular course.
Wagons and cars - to and fro.
And now: Cut for:

Sidewalk

Walking toward the camera:

(74)

Ansass and Indre.
Arm in arm.
Embracing - tensely.
Happily walking in the sunlight.
And now!

We percoive.

A flashy cloth sign fluttering in the wind.

(Bargain sale atmosphere)

He now stops?

Looking into the show window.

And now.

Some article in the window attracts him.

His face lights up.

And thus he looks at his wife.

And now: to her joyous astonishment.

He pulls her into the store.

Like children - one pulling the other.

Shot upon store: While she rather reluctantly, but happily follows him.

They are inside.

For seconds thus - Picture of shop exterior with them inside.

And now: through the show-window we see:

A salesman reaches into the show window and takes a shawl from a form.

INT: Store

(75)

Ansass and Indre. For seconds alone.

Standing there just looking at each other.

While he is squeezing her hand.

Intently gazing into her face.

All absorbed in her sweetness.

Both in ecstacy.

Ignoring everything around them.

(Tristan & Isolde theme)

There appears in the picture.

The salesman with the shawl.

But now! He perceives both.

He pauses with astonishment.

With an understanding smile, quickly turning around,

Cleverly busying himself with some object.

Probably brushing off the dust.

Peculiar silence now.

And then:

In this silent atmosphere.

Both just as if waking up from their dream.

Still looking at each other.

But somewhat startled.

As though being caught in the act.

Trying to get their bearings.
Indre - happily smiling.
Ansass - clearing his throat.
And now until now the salesman approaches them.
Very solicitously.
Now trying to cover up their embarrassment.
Thus politely he walks up to her.
She still rather embarrassed.
Giving the salesman an apologetic look.
She commences untying her shawl.
Meanwhile: while she stood there confused.
Biting her lips.
The salesman now cleverly.
Has put the new shawl upon her.
There she now stands.
The acme of beauty - with the lace shawl around her.
(Almost like a madonna)
While the salesman is admiring her.
With charming gestures.
Holding a mirror before her.
Saying flatteringly:

Title:

...nothing more beautiful
has ever been reflected
in this mirror --!

Fade in:
First somewhat out of
focus:
The rustic chamber of
the vamp.

(76)

Oh! the radiance that now
emanates from Ansass' face?
For seconds?
Happily - exalted.
Almost pious.
Tensely staring at his wife.
While the picture slowly fades
out in fancy lighting.

The following is a conditional
inter-scene

The Vamp is still in bed.
Reading a newspaper.
Cigarette in her mouth.
Is she reading anything interest-
ing?
Because now: she seems to smile.
As though looking into the future.
Reaches for a pencil, lying on
the dresser.

Because now: always smoking;
she seems to mark an insert
in the paper.

"Farms Wanted."

Insert:

Closeup

Vamp smoking - smiling..
Just as though glancing into the
future.
While the smoke slowly starts to
envelope her.

Fade in dably:

Photographic Studio?

(77)

Slowly.

Getting into focus.

Now.

Close in front of camera:

A large sized still camera.

With the photographer.

Very dignified, with an artistic beard - slightly streaked with gray.

Photographer is now under camera cloth, locating the image in finder.

With his hand arranging the group?

For:

Slight pan toward:

Ansass and Indre to be photographed.

Looking at each other happily.

His arm around her shoulder.

In front of a loud backing. (Tree motif)

Thus they stand.

(Group - symbolic of their happiness)

And now! The photographer:

Very much satisfied.

With this particular attitude of group?

Holding the rubber ball.

And with his other hand deftly.

Holding the attention of the group.

Ready to squeeze the ball.

But now! Indre trying hard to look serious.

In a charming way, biting her lips?

While Ansass, as though admonishing her, pinches her arm.

And now she no longer can control herself.

She bursts out with an uproar of laughter.

Looking down upon the floor.

And now! The photographer angry?

"I should say not."

He too, has to laugh.

As though taking a great liking to her.

Now threatening her, in a fatherly way.

And now: he walks toward the two.

CLOSE:

Again arranging the group.

Subtly touching Indre.

Hair, face and arm.

To her embarrassment, which makes her look very charming.

(In technicolor we could see her blush)

Thus they stand there again,
Greatly admired by the photographer.
He walks away from them, with back toward film camera, as though with his outstretched hand, holding the group.

While the film camera somewhat perambulating, precedes him:

Now: our camera stops.
Because: the still camera is now in the picture with photographer.
And quickly. He gets hold of the rubber ball.
Because now: as if with his left hand still holding the group, he squeezes the ball.
Pleasantly he indicates that the picture is taken.
As though saying: Thank you!
And Ansass and Indre are still standing there.
Happily gazing at each other.
As though absorbed in each other.
To the amusement of the photographer.

Close:

Who now claps his hands.
And they wake up
But the photographer with a pleasant smile:
Busies himself with his camera.
Taking out the plates, etc.,
While Ansass and Indre are still standing there.
Somewhat embarrassed, looking around.
And then: Indre - a sudden thought?
With her finger to her lips.
Charmingly beckons to Ansass.
Who only too gladly comes to her.
And now: Indre: looking toward the photographer who is not in the picture; seemingly whispers something very important.
Into Ansass' ear.
Ansass nodding his approval.
Pulls out his pocket-book.
At this moment the photographer walks into the picture.
The photographer.
With a sort of record book in his hands.
(probably to take their name and address)

He now:
Perceives the pocket-book.
That Ansass is holding in his hand.
Ansass embarrassed.
The photographer shakes his head.
Pleasantly refusing.
For: looking at the two in a sort of fatherly way.
Especially at Indre: he now says.
Smiling in a friendly way;

TITLE:
Such a beautiful creature my camera does not often see. My satisfaction, from an artistic standpoint, is sufficient compensation.

Close:

And now!
Ansass and Indre.
Indre happy - embarrassed
Ansass:
With great pride, impulsively
Grasping her hand;
Brightly looks at the photographer
With gleaming, appreciative expression
As though the photographer had handed him a kingdom.

While the photographer is making entries in his book.
And now the picture slowly fades out in fancy light.

Hold this fancy composition for seconds:

Then: slowly developing:
Circling lights?
Growing more distinct.
In rows?
Always more and more?
More glaring up?
Innumerable now.
Because now; although at quite a distance, but distinctly visible, a giant portal illuminated.
The lights circling, flashing up - sparkling up - lighting like.
Now the camera approaching it.
Swiftly, but softly.
With throngs surging into
Also carriages and cars.
With a giant as an attendant in front.
In a most luxurious uniform.
An ocean of light.
Now:
Pan, shot upon waiting crowd in front of box office.

Camera line up close:

Thus for seconds.
Camera now following entering crowd.
When inside,
Everybody standing there, awe-struck.

Full shot upon Luna Park from portal within:

For: in an abundance of light:
We perceive a mountain filled with booths and attractions.
Only the booths at the foot of the mountain distinct.
Dream-like kaleidoscopic in soft focus, ascending one beyond the other.
Flooded with millions of lights.
Almost transparent in the soft evening:
Swing attractions!
Roller Skating Rinks.
Merry-Go-Rounds!
Flags waving from masts!
Coasters - ! Scenic Railways -
Figure Eights.
Large sized Ferris Wheels.
Topsy Turvy atmosphere.
All turning and creeping along.
Up and down - forward and back-ward.

With amused people all over.
In swings, boats, in the air and on the ground.
Thus for seconds.
With the immense crowd.
Increasing steadily.

(Perambulator shot of camera following the crowd.)

And now! Soon!
The main intersection?
Where the two Pikes meet.
One ascending - one descending.
With streams of crowds.
Going up.
Coming down.
And the intersection.
A sort of plaza.
With a band stand.
Decorated with flowers.
An enormous brass band. Giving a concert.

Quick dissolve to:
Close up:

of bases of brass instruments
(trumpets, Trombones and brasses)

Quick dissolve to:

The Conductor with poise.
Very elegant - grayish hair -
In fancy full dress.
Beating time elegantly.

Quick dissolve to
Perambulator shot going
down hill.

Following descent.
Crowds pushing each other.
Under glaring light of arc lamps.
And peddlers around.
With balloons, flowers, programs
and sweets.
Now:
We perceive in the picture:
A terraced restaurant?
With beautiful flower arrangements.
Many people frequenting this place.
To left and right - up and down.
And we perceive.
In the fullest glare of large
sized arc lamps:
Over crowded tables under chest-
nut trees.
With waiters hurrying to and fro.
A turmoil of eating, yelling,
paying and guests waving toward:
Rusing waiters!
While in the b.g. couples are
dancing.
To the rhythm of a band.
The band stand, hardly perceptible.

Pan of terrace.

Perambulator shot following a waiter

Behind and between.

Verdant trees.

And now:

Immediately:

Through the noisy terrace.

Between tables.

Now:

Somewhat aside?

The waiter stops.

In front of a table.

On which are bottles and glasses.

But no one seated at the table.

The waiter puts a new bottle upon the table.

Leaving immediately.

Then!

We perceive!

Ansass and Indre

In the happiest mood - breathless and exhausted from dancing!

Flopping into their chairs.

Joyful - laughing - looking at each other.

Now:

He takes the new bottle.

And to her extreme astonishment.

He puts the bottle to his mouth.

Close:

The dance orchestra:
The members of which are all in fancy full dress.
Starts a waltz
with verve.

Long shot:

The rythm of the waltz taking possession of them all.
Many couples rise for the dance.
But Ansass and Indre:
Holding their glasses in a toast.
Looking at each other in ecstacy.
Face to face.
Now drinking.
and Now:
He unable to control himself.
With utmost fervor, he draws her to him.
Joyously smiling - kissing his wife -
Her hands - arms - her face.
Continuously.
While she greatly pleased, still afraid of being observed.
Happily submitting to him.
Resting in his arms.
While he - like intoxicated.
Drinks in her charm.
With deepest feeling.

Shot on band (trick)

Close up of the two:

While now: The violins of the orchestra fantastically appear to be floating away illusionary.

Sitting at the table in f.g.

In bliss - with half closed eyes

While in the b.g. out of focus like,

Slowly becomes indistinct

And Now:

Visionary suggestions of ladders forming in the clouds.

Leading earthward.

Little angels rustling down the ladders with many, many violins.

Floating above the terrace.

Pageant like above Ansass and Indre.

Bowing melodiously.

While out of the fantastic illusionary b.g. a beautiful meadow fades in, vision like.

Fantastic flowers growing out of the verdure,

in the gentle breeze.

Blissful.

Seconds.

Finally: vision like, approaching through all this fantastic b.g.

But suddenly, in solid form -
standing in front of the table:
the waiter!
In perspiration
In a great rush - to the two.
With pencil and pad.

TITLE:
Will you please pay
me - a new shift is
coming on?

Ansass looks startled
For seconds, staring at the waiter.
As though waking from a dream.
Now getting up from his seat.
Almost timidly.
In a half trance.
He reaches in his pocket.

While the fantastic b.g.
With angels and meadows
Gradually disappear.
Like soap bubbles - into nothing.
And the whole b.g. is now actual-
real.
People eating, drinking, laughing.
Also dance orchestra playing with
full verve.

Close:
Different camera line up:

Ansass and Indre.
(Close to camera)
Ready to leave?
But! Alas!
Is she unable to stand erect?
Overcome with her great joy?
She leans toward him - he support-
ing her.

Perambulator shot of camera following them

Now they walk along like the happiest bridal couple.
Through the terrace garden.
Where guests at the tables look after them.
Amused at their supreme joy in each other.
For seconds thus - the terrace garden,
With same activity,
Then:

Extreme closeup:

Of Ansass and Indre,
Strolling along - their arms about each other.

Soft dissolve:

To the same group Ansass and Indre.
But now strolling along.
The Main Pike.
With booths and attractions on each side.
With lights galore - ringing, blowing, yelling noises.

Perambulator shot of camera following them:

Because now:
They pass the different booths and attractions.

Perambulating angle:

Couple in f.g. attractions in b.g.
(They enjoying the different amusements and sights.)

For:

Spielers are shouting out their particular amusements:

Midgets.

Giants.

Monkeys.

Also Hindu Fakirs,

Fat Ladies.

Snake Charmer girls.

Attention and laughing.

Of the people crowded along.

Then:

Quick cut:

A rapid whirl-pool-like effect.

Lights.

Swings.

Crowds.

Bells.

Booths.

Rushing about in swift circular motion.

Now:

Into this gay atmosphere.

Ansass and Indre.

Light heartedly - like two children.

Shot taken from a wooden horse on a Merry-Go-Round in motion:

Toward Merry-Go-Round - walking.

Rejoicing at the sight of the Merry-Go-Round.
Now the Merry-Go-Round begins to slow down.
Indre can no longer restrain herself.
Like a child:
She pulls him along with her.
To one of the wooden horses.
And the Merry-Go-Round starts again.

Camera behind them on Merry-Go-Round in motion:

Both rejoicing happily.
For seconds. The same rapid, whirl-pool like effect.
While the organ grinder grinds mechanically.

Close up:

Different camera line-up:

Swing attractions.
Spielers ringing the bells.
Crowd gathering front.
Now:
Happily approaching.
Ansass and Indre.
Joyfully jumping into one of the boat-like swings.
But then:

Among the crowd - a child:
With a yearning look?
Indre, noticing it, takes child.
Puts the child upon her lap.
While the swings start.

Camera in swing:

The three - Ansass, Indre and child.
Laughing and yelling.
While everything moves from this angle, as though upside down.
The ground and the booths appearing obliquely.
With the swarming crowds.
Now:
The giant portal, with its thousands of lights.
Appears strangely deformed.
And now:

Extreme close up:

Ansass and Indre.
With happiest smile, toward the camera.
Quick cut:
To:

Running insert upon moving Coaster car:

With yelling people in the coaster - up and down.
Like speeding into an ocean of light.
And flash like shooting up.

High above booths and attractions.
Perceiving dancing couples on
dance floor.
Now:
Flashes of impressions in quick
succession:
Men aiming rifles in front of
target booths.
Ponies in open hippodromes.
Funny "Devil Wheel".
Every so often throwing off the
people riding on it.
"Tub" attraction, with confusion
of sliding, and colliding tub cars.
Now:

For the first
time full shot:
(100)

This mountain of attractions:
With thousands of lights tapering
up -
With this rhythm of turning
around, moving and swinging.
criss-cross action.
And fluttering flags in the wind.

Dissolve to
Close up:

On peak of this mountain.
Now:
Upon the very peak of mountain.
A roller coaster car passing,

Just as though throwing out the rejoicing Ansass and Indre.

(Symbolic)

Indre and Ansass embracing each other.

In acme of happiness.

After all these extreme joys.

And now they look down the mountain.

Upon this Great White Way turmoil.

And now!

Suddenly a flash of exploding light?

Coming from below?

More and more radiating?

And now:

A tremendous bouquet of fire works ascending!

Higher and higher.

Magnificently bursting apart above the peak of the mountain.

Like millions of golden rain drops,

Showering upon Ansass and Indre.

The two laughing about - and enjoying this spectacle.

As though reaching for the golden drops.

While these fire works continue.

Long shot upon mountain.

Bouquet after bouquet exploding in the air.

Innumerable masses admiring and watching, from terraces, roofs, projections and elevations.

Appearing silhouette like.

Against the flashing lights.

And now:

Quick cut to;

For:

(Evening) The Plaza.

Long shot centering upon the street car station.

(103)

Shooting from the interior of car through glass door.

(Just as at noon).

Slowly dissolving:

(105)

(Like at noon).

But: lighted up shops,

Flashing electric signs all over.

The motorman upon the front platform. Just starting out with his car.

And now!

Laughingly, rushing toward the car: Ansass and Indre.

Quickly jumping upon the front platform.

And now:

Visible through the glass door.

Ansass and Indre in great joy.

Breathless.

Squares and streets flying by.

With lights, stores, crowds, cabs,

Shooting by extremely fast.

Into meadows and forests -

through the dark evening.

That our car now traverses.

(all visible through the glass door of the front platform).

The car, every once in a while, passing a curve, jars the happy Ansass and Indre against each other.

At last!

Gradually fading out into dark frames.

Slowly fade in:

Upon surface of water.

(106)

Slowly becoming more distant.
Lit up by the moonlight.
Ansass' boat gliding along.
Light evening breeze blowing against the sails.
Toward the camera.
Ansass steering the boat.
Calm and happy.
Indre sitting at his feet.
With her head against his knee.
Smiling blissfully - happy.
Other boats gliding by.
With sails up.
Indre waves her handkerchief.
The people in the passing boats.
While they wave back to her -
disappearing, in the distance.

(107)

Now:
An excursion steamer glides by.
With lights, crowds, and music on board.

(108)

In the wake of the steamer.
Our little boat commences to rock.
Which pleases Indre.
Looping up to Ansass.
He now kissing her ardently.
Slowly following them from the rear.
A very large sized raft with burning torch-like fires.
In the glare of these lights:
We perceive a man, sitting at the bow of the raft.
Playing an accordion.
While happy folks on the raft are dancing to his tune.
Now closely following our little boat.
And Indre: happily smiling.
Humming the tune of the accordion music.
Gaily.
For some time.
While the raft comes closer and closer.
In the soft evening breeze.
And now we perceive an inlet - Silvery - shining in the moon-light.

And now! Indeed. The raft starts gliding in the direction of the inlet.
Ansass and Indre: happily waving toward the raft.
And now: the raft slowly fades away and disappears.
Behind the swaying grass in the evening.

Ansass' boat still preceded by camera:

Ansass guiding the boat,
With a happy and satisfied look to Indre,
Indre stting at his knees.
And now in happiness, seemingly falling asleep.
The boat gliding along.
In utmost calmness.
The wind blowing gently through their hair.
And above all, the moon breaks through the clouds.
Thus:
For seconds:
But then:
Lightning flashes above yonder town?

In the far distance:

Long shot upon amusement park:

(110)

Different camera line-ups on the amusement park:

Separate shots:

The Plaza of the town.

(111)

Sky-line of town in lightning, for seconds.
Uncanny clouds gathering in the sky.
Cut:

Storm?
Lightning!
In the flashes, perceptible:
The stampeding crowds.

From all different angles, pikes, tents and booths.
While the storm is tearing down entire roofs.
Booths and everything topsy turvy.
Some booths and attractions appearing grotesque after damaged by the storm.
All empty.
Lightning flashes.
Storm.
Now: rain coming down in torrents.
Only electric signs appearing fantastically.

Slowly fading in:

(112)

Upon the surface of the water.

Camera following boat.

Now: Suddenly: Over the waves a gust of wind.

Ruffling up Ansass' and Indre's hair.

Ansass looks up.

Still calm.

And now!

(As seen by Ansass)

(113)

Distant shore.

Again camera line-up upon the boat.

(114)

The storm bending the trees.

Ansass bewildered?

Looking around.

And now!

(As he sees it:)

On the surface of the water.

(115)

Black clouds - like sulphur smoke - gathering ominously.

Vehement gusts of wind.

Sea gulls fluttering - startled.

Shooting upon boat.

(116)

Ansass rather disturbed?

Another vehement gust.

Almost tearing the sail.

He now rises cautiously.

Softly laying Indre down.
Covering her up tenderly.
And now:
He takes down the sail.
And then:
Very cautiously; but firmly
He adjusts the oars.
Starting in to row quickly.
Rhythm of rowing.
One - two.
One - two.
And "one - two" again.
While the wind gusts become stronger and stronger
Strenuously blowing their clothes.
Cut:
Storm.
Leaves fluttering from the trees.

Camera still following:

Wide, long shot upon shore:
(117)

Solitary house on shore-hill.
(118)

Laundry hanging on the line and fluttering in the storm.
Panic-stricken people take down the laundry. While the storm is bending trees.

Different location:
(119)

Flock of sheep.
Stampeding toward a farm.
Panic-like-driven on by shophords.

Long shot across Lake:

(120)

Ansass's boat, appearing very small, rowing along in the distance.

Followed by ominous clouds.

Gathering in from all sides.

With sulphur-like smoke appearance, obscuring the Lake.

Now:

Lightning flashes - ghastly.

And now:

Extreme closeup:

(121)

Of the startled Indre.

Clutching to him.

Still drowsy.

Terribly alarmed:

By the rocking of the boat.

And clouds gathering over the whole sky.

With streaks of lightning across the sky.

Now:

A heavy wave!

Terrifically rocking the boat.

The boat almost capsizing.

She cries out:

Clinging to him:

While the storm almost tears away.

One of the oars.

He tries to laugh away her fear.
With great effort holding the oars.
Rowing against the waves.
While it is getting pitch dark.
Torrents of rain falling.
Then:
Jubilantly he suddenly preceives something.
Pointing ahead?
For:
Quick cut:

On the shore - not very far.

In fork like lightning:

(122)

The Village!

Shooting upon the boat.

(123)

And now!
Ansass?
Gathering new strength!
Rowing desperately.
With deep breath!!
With superhuman strength!!!
While Indre cowering down.
With tense quivering lips.
Looking up to him as to a hero.
But now!
Water already in the boat?
Water up to their feet!

Rising.

Disastrous!!!

Now Ansass recognizes the danger.

Unable to conceal the facts?!

So he stares into the raging night.

And now! Impulsively:

He presses his wife to him.

Dreadfully concerned about her.

Small room in Ansass' cottage.

(124)

In the glare of the lightning, the baby starts up.

Again the raging Lake.

(125)

Ansass and Indre.

In desperate embrace - in the storm.

Terrified - looking at each other.

Probably thinking of the child.

Then: glaring lightning.

For seconds:

But in this glare he perceives the sack?!

(Hidden in the corner of the boat)

And then: A sudden inspiration comes to him?

He pulls out the sack.

Now! He tears out the bulrushes.

Barely taking a second.

Quick cut:

For now:

Small room in Ansass' cottage:

(126)

In the glare of lightning.

The maid.

Baby in her arms.

Desperately rushing to the window.

While outside.

The storm is tearing down branches from the trees.

With lightning flashing.

The maid murmuring ejaculatory prayers?

Quick cut!

For:

Again the raging Lake.

(127)

Is the boat sinking?

Now he grasps her with an iron hold.

(All the bulrushes being tied around her.)

He jumps with her into the raging water.

Battling with the waves like a tiger.

Camera preceding them.

So he swims, holding her.

Against the raging waves.

Continually.

Fighting against the elements.

But now! a terrific wave - more powerful, than the others?

Like a giant dragon rolling along.

Now?

No!

Now?

NO!!

But now - it surely will strike the two!!!!

And behold!

The impact separates the two.

Still stretching their arms toward each other.

Heartrending!

But! Only waves and waves.

Both have disappeared from the picture.

And again - "Waves only waves."

Breaking toward the camera.

Total pan or raging Lake.

The storm at its worst.

Flashes of lightning!

Struggling clusters of dark, heavy clouds!

Storm!

For seconds!

Increasing!

Close up:

Camera perambulating on Lake with great speed:

Roaching its

Climax!

Gradually: the lightning appears more distant

Now: does the storm abate?

And now: Doosn't it look like sheet lightning?

And now: although still very dark:

But at the far distant horizon.

Moonlight appears thru disbanding clouds.

So for seconds?

For some time?

Not until then:

Slow Pan:

(129)

Across slowly calming Lake.

Panning toward the shore.

Behold!

Is there a human being lying on the shore?

Washed by gentle waves!

And now! The moon is coming out of the clouds.

And we recognize Ansass.

Who now seems to move, subtly.

And then:

Extreme Close shot:

Ansass opens eyes.

Only half-conscious.

But suddenly getting his bearings.
Desperately he rises to his knees.
And now: with his hands to his mouth.
He hollors desperately into the night.

Title:

Indre! Indre!

Keenly listening for an answer.
(close up)
With desperate consternation.
But! Only the waves are beating.
Against the shore?

Soft fade in on:

Vamp's room:

(130)

Night:
The vamp is asleep.
In a ridiculous night dress.
With an insipid expression.
With her mouth half open.
Thus for seconds.
Then! Reflection of light upon the wall?
Caused by lanterns from outside.
Passing quickly?
More and more.
Now also: Shadows of people hurrying by.
In quick succession.

Corridor in cottage of vamp.

(131)

The eldorly peasant.
With a lighted hand lantern.
His elderly wife.
In her night jacket assisting her husband.
Rushing toward the outer door..
HE - like a courageous volunteer..
And now:
CUT:

Room of Vamp.
Shooting across bed in f.g.
into the room.

(132)

The Vamp.
Just aroused?
She is listening.
Now..
She gets out of her bed.
In her night gown to the door.
Peeking through the crack of the door.
Asking: What is the matter?
Then:

Different camera lineup, with Vamp in f.g.

Elderly peasant woman in corridor in b.g. While running toward outer-door, hollering back:

Title:
"There is a rumor that Indre is drowned."
Same angle:

Already the elderly peasant woman slams the outside door.
The Vamp stands there.
(Close up in front of camera.)

Slowly pan:

Spell-bound.

For seconds.

Her shoulders slowly shrinking.

Thus for seconds.

Now:

To the window.

The Vamp snake-like towards window.

And now hidden behind the curtains.

She looks outside.

Perceiving running peasants with hand lanterns.

There she stands.

With her hands clutching the curtain.

Her shoulders shrinking cowardly.

Now looking into the camera.

Conscious of a crime.

Thus for seconds.

But then: she regains her composure?

With strange look of expectancy.

(Perhaps already calculating the sale of Ansass' farm.)

Abruptly: She starts dressing herself.

For: she grabs her stockings.

Hastily putting them on.

A murderess - triumphant.

Off goes her nightgown.

Standing there naked (for a second only)

She puts on her stepin.

Her dress.

Now her shoes.

She fixes her hair.

Quickly pushes her hair under her hat.

Now she puts on her coat.

Quickly runs from the room.

For a second we see the room.

With the door open in the b.g.

Then:

Somewhat indistinct muzzy night atmosphere.

(133)

Perambulator shot:

Following the running Vamp:
At first appearing indistinct.
Gradually more distinct:
For now:
Having reached her goal;
We see her standing,
Upon an incline at the beach.
Breathless;
Peering through the bushes.
Towards the beach.
And, she sees.

Down at the beach

(134)

Rather distant.
People.
Lights.
Women,
Boats.
Among them: Ansass.

Close up

Ansass soaked with water - and dripping.
On his knees imploring all to aid.

As though: urging them to hurry with the boats.

Hurry!

Hurry!

Ansass jumping into one of the boats;

Cut:

Behind the bushes.

(135)

Close:

The vamp peering down;

Spellbound.

In great suspense.

Cut:

Long shot Lake

(136)

Fog.

Lights.

Boats.

Yells across the water.

Ahead of all of them - Ansass' boat.

Rowing toward the camera.

Ansass continuously calling at the top of his voice.

Keenly listening into the great open space.

But no answer.

Again calling with utmost effort.

His voice echoing terrifically

in the night.

CUT:

Another shot of the Lake.

The camera panning as

though searching around:

(137)

Trying to locate Indre.

Slowly tilting up and down.

For some time.

But no results.

No signs.

But now:

In the far distance: a body?

Floating on top of the water.

Gradually coming nearer and

nearer.

Towards camera.

And now! Indeed!

Indre!

Seemingly unconscious.

She floats along.

Wrapped in the bulrushes.

A pathetic figure.

Rocked by the waves.

Again different location
on the lake.

(138)

Fog.
Lights.
Boats.
Yells across the water.
No one has succeeded in finding her.
Thus they shrug their shoulders.
And now:

Ansass' boat coming nearer the camera with Ansass extremely close toward the camera.

Ansass:
With his hand to his mouth calling.
With his final remaining strength.

Surface of water, with floating Indre.

(139)

Indre - unconscious - floating along.
Silence around.
But behold: Does the rope around her body loosen?
Hardly perceptible?
But yet noticeable.
(The rope water-soaked - loosening)

Ansass in his boat close
before the camera.

(140)

And now! A few bulrushes get
loose.
And float away.
More and more loosening.
And still more.
While the unconscious Indre
floats on,
Slowly going deeper and deeper
into the water.

With feverish excitement search-
ing the lake.
With swinging lanterns.
And now: in the flare of the
lantern: floating bulrushes.
Almost petrified,
Nearly paralyzed with fear.
With a terrible premonition.
Clutching with abnormal strength,
his neighbor's arms,
- Dumbfounded -
His hand pointing.
Talking incoherently.
Toward the bulrushes floating by.
Bulrushes! Bulrushes!
Finally:

Ansass: still in a state of torpor.

Gulping - his lips barely moving.

Tremblingly imploring the. rescuers.

To row:

Toward the direction of the bulrushes.

While the men look at each other, Significantly.

As though giving up hopes of rescue.

They start rowing toward.

The bulrushes that are floating toward them.

Ansass gazing at the bulrushes.

Tremblingly holding to the side of the boat.

His lantern dangling from his hand.

Now: disastrously! bundles of bulrushes?

A disconsolate picture.

Now: the rope floats by.

Now:

Seemingly the last bulrushes.

Floating by in heaps.

And now!

Ansass!

In the same state of torpor, holding on to the side of the boat.

As though half-paralyzed - open mouth, looking on in terror.

But the other two in the boat:

Significantly look at each other.

They now pull in the oars.

Sitting there silently.

All hope gone.

One of the men, automatically

Takes off his cap.

Atmosphere of silence.

Suspense.

While the other man in the boat now rises.

Goes toward Ansass.

Who is still staring with ghastly look.

He says nothing to him.

Just pats his shoulder.

Consoling - like.

While the other boats of the party near Ansass' boat.

With lights, car strokes and peasants.

All the boats forming a circle
around the heaps of the bulrushes.
While most of the men stand si-
lently erect in their boats.
Some of them, rather solemnly,
taking off their caps.
While others just look at each
other.
Nodding at each other in full
understanding.
But Ansass,
Who is supported by one of the
men in the boat;
Mechanically reaches into the
water,
Trying to grasp some of the
bulrushes.
At the verge of falling overboard.
He is held back by the men sup-
porting him.
Just his arm diving into the
water.
Like a waxen figure.
Ansass hanging.
Half overboard.
Is held back by the other men in
the boat.

Now the third occupant of the boat helps in getting Ansass back in his seat.

Ansass is still like a wax figure.

While from the other boats they yell and call.

Suggesting to take him home as quickly as possible.

And now:

CUT:

At the beach.

(141)

Night

Fog.

Waves breaking at the shore.

Crowds,

Huddled together,

Looking anxiously toward the open lake,

Do they know what has happened?

It seems so,

Because they all are in silent suspense.

Whispering in groups.

Gradually the boats appear in the picture.

Now: The boat with Ansass,

Who still sits like a figure of wax.

Although the boat is landed.

The two can hardly.

Get him from the boat.

And now they lead him up the beach.

He rigid - still like a wax figure.

While all the onlookers silently pity him.

Women with their hands to their mouths.
Some trying to grasp his waxen hand.
The entire picture resembling a nightmare.
(but a nightmare? It is reality.)

Up on incline
behind the bushes.

The Vamp
Peering down.
Rather perplexed.
Not knowing exactly
What to think of Ansass'
behavior.
Sneaking further.
Into the bushes.
For a better view.
But then!
Quickly she hides again.
Behind the bushes.
Because: some of the rescuers, with their lanterns, are now passing by the bushes.
Silent - downcast - their eyes to the ground.
Men and women.

Now: supported by his two comrades: Ansass hanging betwoen them - like a figure of wax.
After all!
Have passed by!
Only the Vamp still cowers behind the bushes.
Looking after them.
Bewilderedly.
As though asking herself.

Title:
.... Is he acting...?
Closeup

Dissolve to:
The Vamp looking after the rescue-party; puzzled.

In front of
Ansass' cottage:
(143)

Standing at the main door:
the maid.
With the baby wrapped up in a basket.
With women huddled around.
(Who seemingly had brought the news to the maid.)
Now: silently into the picture.
The two comrades with Ansass.
(Followed by a few peasants)

And now! Hardly does the maid recognize the waxen figure of Ansass!

She bursts into tears.

Sobbing from the bottom of her heart, she walks up to Ansass.

And now: Ansass.

(Close toward the camera.)

Staring at the maid in his state of torpor.

With an "aged" appearance.

Thus he now gazes.

Upon his baby.

While all the others full of pity.

Sympathize.

The maid crying pitifully.

Rushes toward Ansass to support him.

So they lead him into the house.

Escorted by his two comrades and the maid.

Only a few follow.

Most of them remain outside silently.

Expressing regret and walking off sorrowfully.

Small room in Ansass cottage.

(144)

The maid.
With tears in her eyes, puts the baby to bed.

Village street.

(145)

Night atmosphere.
Trees.
Wind.
Lights in some of the windows.
That are turned out successively.

Living room in Ansass' cottage

(146)

Ansass.
Sitting motionless at the side of the table.
(Sitting just as his two comrades have placed him in previous scene.)
Now the two comrades.
Leave him,
Patting his shoulder, trying to console him.
Squeezing his waxen hand.
Ansass barely nods acknowledgment.
The two comrades still watch him, nervously fidgeting.
From one foot to the other.

Bedroom of Ansass.

(147)

(Shooting across the two beds toward the door.)

At last: without any transition, they walk out silently.

Ansass sitting there.

Motionless and dumb.

(Like scene in very first sequence)

Again moonlight.

In front of Indre's bed which is in f.g.

Her slippers underneath the bed.

The bed is still untouched.

Atmosphere of silence.

Now: the door in b.g. opens?

Slowly?

Because now: Ansass.

Like a wax figure.

Looking into the room.

Thus for seconds.

Now:

Waxen - he staggers into the room.

Now:

He stands.

Helplessly.

In front of Indre's bed.

Looking with a glassy stare.

At his wife's slippers.
Then at her bod.
With an expression of horror.
Finally:
Without any transition.
He breaks down at the side of Indre's bed.
Without a sound, without a tear,
His face convulsed in grief.
Burying himself in the bed.
Thus lying for a long time.
Silently panting.

In front of Ansass' cottage:
(148)

Out of the shadow of the night:
Slowly sneaking along.
The Vamp?
Yes, indeed!
With that same expression on her face.
Bewildered - not understanding.
Thus she stands there, whistling softly.
And then!

Ansass' Bedroom

Ansass.
In same position at the side of Indre's bed.
Deaf to everything around him.

In front of Ansass' Cottage:

(150)

The Vamp.

Cautiously whistling.

Second time:

Again the bedroom.

(151)

Ansass.

Still in the same position.

At Indre's bed.

Again exterior:

Ansass' cottage.

(152)

The Vamp.

Wondering why Ansass doesn't answer.

Going closer to the cottage.

Whistling again.

Now louder than before.

And then:

Bedroom again.

(153)

Ansass.

Although otherwise absolutely indifferent to everything around him.

His look seems to indicate attention:

And now:

Flash outside.

(154)

Again the bedroom.

(155).

In front of the cottage.

(156)

The Vamp: very close to cottage.

Whistling loudly.

And now:

Ansass - leaning to the bed for support.

Hearing her whistling.

With horror in his face.

Still with that waxen like gesture.

A striking figure.

He rises.

Thus he stands now.

Registering revenge.

With his hands clenching into fists.

With a distorted look.

Like crying out in desperation and vindictiveness.

Turning around like a nemesis.

THE VAMP (closeup)

In nervous, impatient expectation.

Now!

The door opens?

Hastily she runs to the door.

As though: "It took you a long time."

But suddenly - like hypnotized.
She looks.
For: in the half open door:
There stands Ansass.
With fear-inspiring look -
gazing at her, with an ominous expression.
And there she stands.
As though petrified by his awful look!
While his arms now rise stretching, toward her neck?!
She, in seconds of utmost fear:
Now runs away.
But! He clumsily and heavily chasing her.
As if out of his mind.
And now.
Cut:

Around some neutral corner:

(157)

We see her running around the corner.
Racing for her life!
But! He!
Animal like - rushing after her:
Overtakes her.
She trembling with fear:
He grabs her arms.

(It is a wonder they don't break.)

Now:

Quick cut:

In front of Ansass' cottage.

(158)

The maid.
Running out of the house.
Rushing to find Ansass.
Her hands to her mouth.
Yelling:
Shouting for Ansass?!!

Neutral corner:

(159)

Ansass:
Clutching the throat of the Vamp.
Who already shows signs of choking.
Ansass - panting.
Suddenly loosening his hands - without turning around.
Coming to his senses -
But still clutching her throat.

In front of Ansass' cottage:

Extreme closeup:

(160)

The maid.
With wide open mouth.
Yelling and yelling again.
With a strange expression of joy and happiness.

Back to the neutral corner.

(161)

Ansass.

Standing there, still with his hands around the vamp's throat.

But while the fingers are slowly loosening:

Now, with an accent of utmost disgust: he throws her aside.

She falls on her knees.

Exhausted - barely able to move - she creeps along on her knees.

While he has turned around

With a strange, visionary look?!

And now:

Camera following him around the corner.

At other side of corner: the maid meets him.

Panting with joy.

Barely able to utter a word.

Stammering - laughing - just pulling him along.

He following her quickly.

With a strange, vacant expression of happiness.

While people are now coming out of Ansass' cottage.

All running to meet him, with utmost joy.

Corridor in Ansass' cottage.

(162)

The door toward the bedroom is open.

(But we cannot look through.)

But now:

Ansass.

Staggering - still unable to comprehend.

They pull him into the corridor.

Toward the door of the bedroom.

And now!

While the camera follows him slowly.

He stands

At the door jamb.

Looking into the bedroom.

Where Indre, carefully wrapped in blankets.

Weakly, yet happily, stretches her arms toward him.

He staggers toward her.

Close:

Breaking down at her bedside.

Speechless with happiness.

The two just embrace.

Not kissing each other.

Not crying.

Not laughing.

Only breathing.

Happily silent - in the fact that they both are alive.

In the corridor:

(163)

A few people standing around.
In beautiful atmosphere of relief.
Very quiet - not wanting to disturb.
The happiness of this home.
Listening to an old fisherman
Who now relates:

Title:
"...just like a miracle!
A voice told me..."

(164)

The title frame turns around just like the page of a book and we perceive on the screen the open lake at night.
In the f.g. the old fisherman in his boat, looking at the boats of the rescuers now rowing toward the beach.
Why doesn't he follow them?
He stands there shaking his head.
Scrutinizing the open Lake.
And now! Strangely!
Suddenly he perceives something.
With a keen eye of a fisherman.
And now: in a jiffy:
He strikes out with his oars,
Rowing toward the spot.

For now:
We see a body (Indre) floating.
At the verge of sinking.
Just a few bulrushes holding her
up on the surface.
But then!
Our old fisherman!
Jumps into the water,
Rescuing Indre.
Swimming with her to his boat.
Lifting her into his boat.

The old fisherman in
the boat dissolves
(165)

Into his very self, sitting in
the corridor,
Finishing his story.
They shake hands with him.
They are all over joyed.
Especially the maid.
Wiping her tears - thanking him.
But the old fisherman:
"Old veteran like" - motions
them off:
Honest and upright - he walks out
of the corridor:
The others follow him.
Bidding good night to the maid.
They all walk out calmly.
Cautiously avoiding any noise.

Highway on an incline, with a view down to the village.

(166)

We perceive the village
Situated on the lake.
It is dawn.
Silence.
Now:
A buggy appears in the picture.
With the elderly peasant on the front seat.
Then in the back seat, with fear in her face.
The Vamp.
With her trunk and valise.
Cowardly looking around.
The buggy passes by - out of the picture.
Again silence.
Only the breeze of the early morning.
Softly moving the bushes.
Thus for seconds.
Now: Across the Lake.
The b.g. lights up softly.
The reflection of the rising sun.
Slowly developing.
And now:

Gradually the sun appears.
Reflecting upon the Lake.
While the f.g. is still in the
grayish fog.
But the first birds appear in
the air.
Fluttering about
And now:

(167)

A very soft dissolve.
In the early morning fog; The
cottage of the two: (Of Ansass
and Indre)
The sun-light slowly appearing
upon the cottage.
And now we see it,
In the full glare of the morning
sun.
With the flower boxes on the
window sills.
In the soft morning breeze.
The leaves of the flowers covered
with dew.
While the fog in the air slowly
dissolves.
And birds flutter around the
flower boxes.

Highway on an incline,
with a view down to the
village.

(166)

We perceive the village
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The leaves of the flowers covered
with dew.
While the fog in the air slowly
dissolves.
And birds flutter around the
flower boxes.

Bedroom of the two:

Long shot toward
the window.

(168)

Thus for seconds.

Then:

The first sunbeams breaking
through the window.
While Indre in her bed, asleep.
Carefully wrapped up.
In her arm, the sleeping baby.
Ansass at the side of the bed.
The sleeping Indre still clasping
the hand of Ansass.
Ansass looking at his wife and
child.
In deepest emotion.
While more sunbeams penetrate
into the room.
Always more and more.
The sun lighting up the room.
With Ansass kneeling there.
Like a symbol of happiness.
Looking at his sleeping wife and
baby.
Now: the dog appears in the
picture.
And cowers down silently at the
side of the bed.

Submissively looking up to Ansass.

While the whole picture slowly.

Develops into a fantastic light effect.

Fading out in a symbolic light of happiness.

And then:

FINISH!

LUNA PARK SEQUENCE.

78.

(Fox Hills) FANCY LIGHT EFFECT (Artificial sun)

Camera perambulating backward.

GRAND PORTAL OF LUNA PARK fades in,

Camera perambulates toward portal.

Ansass and Indre with back toward camera.

Camera perambulates through portal.

Now passing

SCENIC RAILWAY MOTIF

ENTIRE VIEW OF LUNA PARK.

79.

(Stage) SHOT AT MOVING CROWD OF PEOPLE

With Ansass and Indre toward camera.

80.

(Stage) BAND STAND WITH ORCHESTRA

Crowd of people passing and listening.

Dissolve to -

81.

(Stage) ORCHESTRA LEADER IN foreground.

With twenty-five violinists in b.g.

Pan down at

CROWD OF PEOPLE

Listening and passing, etc.

Perambulate toward -

ENTRANCE TO RESTAURANT

Camera perambulates and reconnoiters -

stops at certain position.

We see a waiter appearing in f.g.

Continuation of 81.

CAMERA FOLLOWING WAITER - passing waiter.

Camera arrives at an empty table (near dance floor)

Camera now stops -

Waiter toward empty table.

Waiter sets the table (bottles of wine)

Ansass and Indre arrive - sit down at table and drink.

82.

(Stage)

VISION of visualized music orchestra

Angels on celestial ladder.

83A.

(Stage)

BACK TO RESTAURANT - real and actual.

Ansass pays the waiter.

Ansass and Indre leave the table.

Camera following them as they leave restaurant continuing outside.

83b.

(Stage)

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF Ansass and Indre

Camera preceding.

Dissolve to -

84.

(Stage)

PERAMBULATING ALONG "PIKE"

(Attractions to left and right.)

Camera preceding Ansass and Indre.

Alternating shots toward and from - within different attractions:

(continued)

Continuation of
84. Barkers,

Midgets,

Giants,

Monkeys,

Fakirs,

Fat Ladies,

Snakes,

Dancing Girls,

Onlookers and moving crowd.

Dissolve to -

85. MERRY-GO-ROUND (in motion)

Camera on Merry-go-round (impressive fantastic effects)

86. MERRY-GO-ROUND

Camera at certain position

Ansass and Indre nearing Merry-go-round

Merry-go-round stops - both get on Merry-go-round

Children are there.

87. MERRY-GO-ROUND (in motion)

Camera on moving merry-go-round

Ansass and Indre with children.

88. (Stage) CLOSE UP OF ORGAN OF MERRY-GO-ROUND.

89. (Stage) "LARGE BOAT SWING"

Camera in fixed position, shooting at swing.

Ansass and Indre enter a boat.

90. (Stage)

IN BOAT (swinging)

Ansass and Indre swinging.

Camera with them in boat.

In B.G. Luna Park.

91. (Stage)

IN BOAT (Swinging)

Extreme close up of Ansass and Indre.

Camera at fixed angle toward boat.

Dissolve to -

92. (Stage)

SCENIC RAILWAY (Half miniature; half actual)

Camera at fixed angle.

Dissolve to -

93. (Moat Fox Hills)

SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

Ansass and Indre in car, with camera behind them in car -

After landing on water -

HUGE WAVE!

Dissolve to -

94. (Stage)

DANCING COUPLES on dance floor

Dissolve to -

95. (Stage)

HIPPODROME WITH PONIES

Dissolve to -

96. (Stage)

FERRIS WHEEL.

Dissolve to -

97. FLYING ZEPPELIN - CIRCUS

(Venice?) (On pier in Venice?)

Dissolve to -

98. MOTOR CYCLIST IN BARREL.

(Venice?) Dissolve to -

99. FLAGS AND PENNANTS WAVING IN WIND.

(Stage) Dissolve to -

100. PEAK - With entire view of Luna Park.

(Fox Hills) Following

FIREWORKS

Scenes 101 to 102 are out.

110. As per script.

(Fox Hills and Stage) Entire view and details in storm and rain.